

Thanksgiving Day Becomes Secular Holiday

By HENRY M. WING, Boston, Mass.

The small company of settlers came together with a fairly unanimous swelling of hearts in gratitude to the Divine Providence of their belief. All were probably present or accounted for, and never was congregation more in accord. Its members felt alike, thought alike and expressed themselves in the same grave ways.

In its conception and the response which it awoke the first Thanksgiving day was no doubt a religious event; its feelings and aspirations were those of religious emotion—as distinguished by psychologists nowadays from the lucubrations of the intellectual or rationalist point of view. And so very likely the day continued to be celebrated for several seasons in a manner perfectly valid because spontaneous and inevitable.

Later on, had some forceful, optimistic deacon carried the motion that on that day thanksgiving should be expressed in a program of foot races for youth, tableaux and competitive exhibitions of needlework for maidens, and for grown-ups a free and open public debate on the new tendencies of thought among them, witches and Quakers admitted, Divine Providence would have smiled upon them no less for a pleasing offspring of society.

Now that Thanksgiving day has become for most people a secular holiday, and the idea of a divine favoritism has lost its appeal to the imagination, feelings and forces of men, it might be of advantage to those who would employ it seriously to use the day in intelligent consideration of those natural resources and of measures to insure their just use. Intensive farmers, liberal congresses of religions and experts of industrial education need not hesitate to call conferences for that day for want of intrinsic fitness and propriety.

Thinking and doing with open mind in the fullest exercise of man's nature, not with faculties focused on the sentiment of a tradition, is the modern conception of virtue and piety—incidentally of thanksgiving, and it is deemed advisable to balance the account with natural laws, charging a profit and loss, often than once a year, whether it be a question of individual or social and co-operative action. By the new rule Thanksgiving days are days of intelligent doing in work or enjoyment, and they cannot be appointed in advance. Formalism in such matters commits men's minds to the form, but not to the substance, and has a tendency to exclude the substance of things as they are, which must always be the basis of things wished for.

At present Thanksgiving day means less than any of our holidays, because certain of its forms have outlived the spirit of their observance, and yet prevent many normal and healthy uses of the time, as not long ago a fictitious public opinion, which did not exist in fact, but was enforced by the police, caused the majority of people to vegetate every seventh day.

Every tradition finally arrives at a fallow stage, whereupon people begin to look for something better suited to their needs. The present features of Thanksgiving day—late rising, overeating and promiscuous theater-going (since not all the good plays can be in town that day), with an occasional family reunion as an extenuating circumstance—are indications that in this case the answer is not yet found.

The question really is, as to what are the just uses of leisure—of a holiday. They will not be the same for all people, and it various classes haven't solved the question to their complete satisfaction, it is to be noted that in this over-busy world leisure for its own sake or for the opportunity to choose one's own work or enjoyment is a comparatively new tradition. The question is being solved in proportion to the solution of the question as to what are the just uses of work.

Henry M. Wing

Factory Whistle Is Declared a Nuisance

By James W. McDowell, Cleveland, Ohio

A good watch can now be purchased for one or two dollars, and there is no necessity for factory whistles to awaken several thousand persons in a city in order that a few persons employed in that factory may be at work at a certain time. The factory whistle has not place in modern industrial economy.

In the days of small manufacturing, inadequate transportation facilities and expensive watches, when the workmen all lived in the neighborhood of the factory, perhaps the factory whistle served a useful purpose, but that time has passed.

In these days of quick transportation comparatively few operatives live close enough to the factory to pay any attention to the whistle, no matter how long or shrill is the blowing. The modern factory operative depends upon the accurate time of the watch that he can purchase for \$1 or \$2.

I can discern the purpose of the bell on the farm, but for the life of me I never could understand why so much importance was attached to the factory whistle even in the old days before the era of the electric trolley car and the dollar watch.

The farmer working out in the field, a long distance from the farm house, places real dependence on the dinner bell, but that was never the case with the factory whistle.

Unquestionably, factory whistles blowing must now be placed in the category of unnecessary noises. I predict the day will come when the factory whistle will not be heard except to blow the old year out and the new year in or on the stage.

Cats Do Good Service in Killing Rodents

By G. H. BEYERS, Chicago

The popular impression that cats do a service in killing mice and rats is absolutely true, the statement of noted authorities to the contrary notwithstanding. Every rat destroys, on the average, property to the value of \$5 every year of its life. There are at least 5,000,000 rats in the United States. Figure out the damage for yourselves. Every mouse destroys at least \$3 worth of property every year of its life. There are at least as many mice as rats in the United States. Figure out that. Now, every cat kills at least two rats and five mice each year. How much do they save to the community?

There are probably 1,000,000 cats in the United States. If a cat kills one rat and two mice, that is \$9 to the credit of each cat. So the cats save to the country at large \$9,000,000. Is the much-maligned cat worth anything?

I have seen this time and again: A cat, fat or lean, will eat a rat or mouse caught by its dexterity—fact! But if the cats should not eat them, they kill them, and that is to their credit. A cat in Chicago will destroy at least 100 sparrows every year, thereby getting rid of a little pestiferous nuisance. Ten thousand cats (and there probably are that number in Chicago) who kill about 1,000,000 of the pugnacious foreigners of the bird kind.

An English peer has flown over the English channel. This escapee of the peerage is enough to shake Britain's ponderous precedent to the very center, and hasten the ruin of the house of lords by such a scandalous flight into modernity.

Now projectiles propelled by radium are predicted with a capacity for being shot to the moon. Already the speed of the aeroplane is too slow and its scope too limited for this rapid and enterprising time.

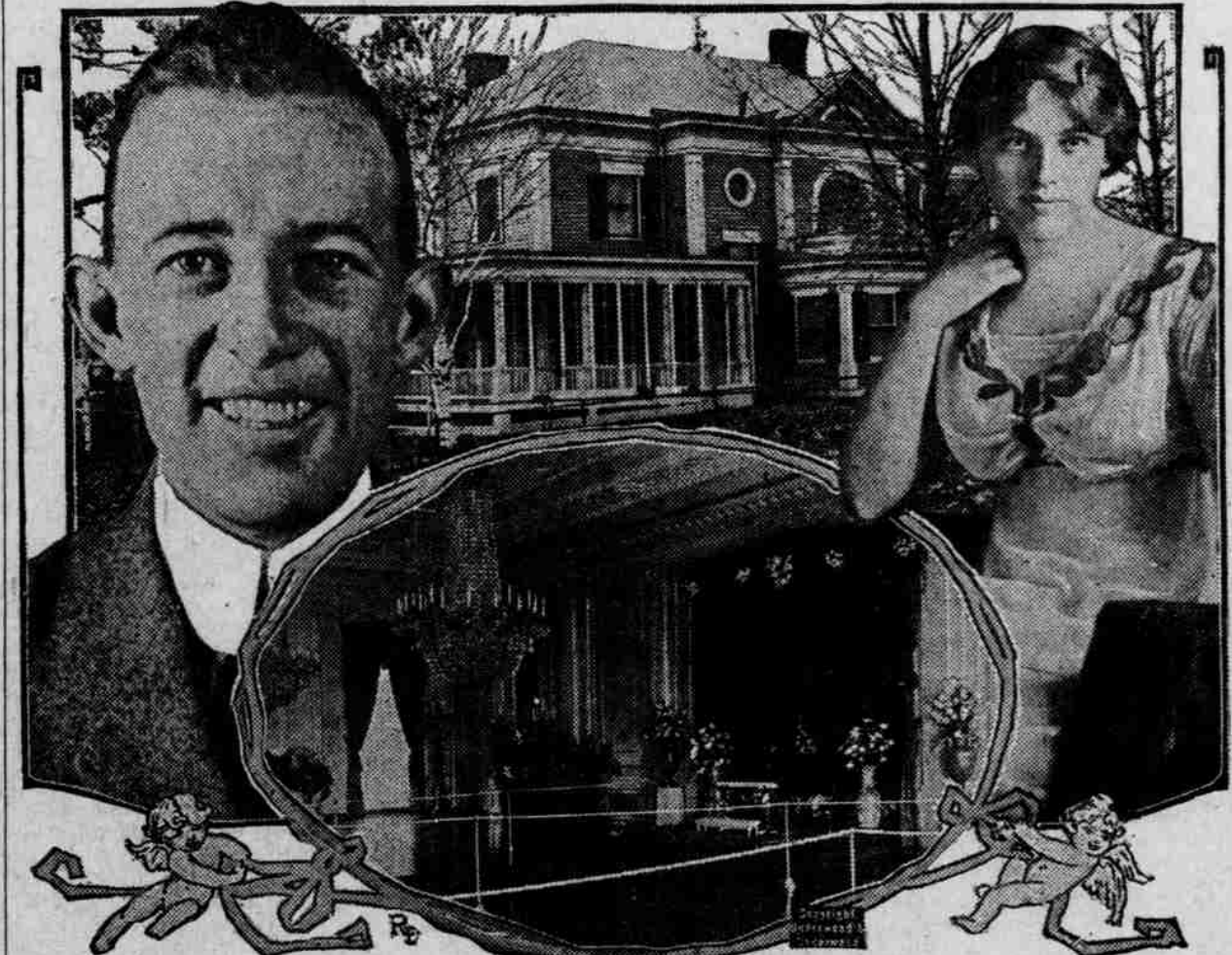
If laughter averts appendicitis we can see where surgeons will frown upon the musical comedy trust as a combination in restraint of trade.

Turned Into Tragedy. An "accident" film for a cinematograph company ended in real tragedy at Kluksenberg, Hungary, a few days ago, when one of the actresses died from injuries received while playing her part. Thousands of people had collected near a mill sluice on the Danube river to watch the acting of a scene depicting the overturning of a boat during the crossing of the river. As the boat overturned ten of the actors and actresses were drawn into the mill.

No Soup for Tommy.

Tommy went out to dine at a friend's house one evening. When the soup was brought Tommy did not touch his and the hostess, looking over, said: "Why, Tommy, dear, what's the matter? Aren't you hungry to-night?" "Yes," replied Tommy, "I'm quite hungry, but I'm not thirty."

Jessie Woodrow Wilson Becomes Bride of Francis Bowes Sayre



Francis B. Sayre.

Future Home of the Sayres.

Mrs. F. B. Sayre.

JESSIE'S WEDDING CAKE.

Jessie Wilson's wedding cake was a triumph of the pastry cook's art. It was two and a half feet tall, counting the white orchids that were placed on top of it, and weighed 185 pounds. The first layer was four inches thick and 22 inches across. The cake contained 19 ingredients and its cost was about \$500. Over the body of the cake was molded a thick white icing scroll work on its top was a design for the initials of the bride and groom, done in silver, and around the sides were lilacs of the valley in white sugar. This delicious confection was distributed in 2,000 dainty white boxes tied with satin ribbon and each of the proper size to go under the pillow of the recipient to bring dreams.

There was one disappointment for those who attended the wedding, for the gifts were not put on display. It is known that these included many beautiful and valuable articles sent by relatives and personal friends of the bride and groom and of their families and by admirers of President Wilson. Handsome presents were sent by both the senate and the house, that of the latter being a diamond lavalliere which Miss Genevieve Clark, daughter of the speaker, bought for the representatives in New York.

Those who were invited to witness the wedding were mostly personal friends and the number was kept down close to four hundred. The list was pared and revised several times, and as has been said, the operation resulted in many heartburnings. From the house of representatives' circle, for instance, the only guests were Speaker Champ Clark, Mrs. Clark and Miss Genevieve Clark, Marjorie Leader Underwood and Mrs. Underwood, and Minority Leader Mann and Mrs. Mann. As might be expected, the streets outside the White House were as crowded as the police would permit with curious persons eager to watch the arrival and departure of the guests and trying to obtain through the windows a glimpse of the doings within. The police arrangements were admirable and nothing happened. In the White House or outside, to mar the happy occasion.

The wedding of Mr. Sayre and Miss Wilson was the thirteenth to be celebrated in the White House, but the bride has always considered 13 her lucky number instead of a hoodoo. There have been more than twenty weddings in which either the bride or groom resided in the White House, and the last wedding ceremony in the present form was the one which united Alice Roosevelt and Nicholas Longworth. Today's event was much quieter than that one, and the guests not nearly so numerous.

Mrs. Sayre is a Social Worker. Mrs. Sayre was born in Galesville, Pa., twenty-five years ago. She attended the Women's college at Baltimore and was an honor member of the class of 1908, being also elected a member of Phi Beta Kappa. For two years after her graduation she engaged in settlement work in Kensington, Pa., and she is a member of the executive board of the National Young Women's Christian association. She has delivered several "excellent addresses in public."

In appearance she does not resemble her father as much as do her sisters, having rather the features of her mother's family, the Axsons. She is an accomplished swimmer, rider and tennis player and also something of an actress.

Something About the Groom. Francis Bowes Sayre is twenty-eight years old, and was born at South Bethlehem, Pa., a son of the late Robert Heysham Sayre, who built the Lehigh Valley railroad and at one time was assistant to the president of the Bethlehem iron works, since known as the Bethlehem steel works. He was also once president of the board of trustees of the Lehigh university.

Francis Bowes Sayre graduated from Lawrenceville school, Lawrenceville, N. J., in 1904, and from Williams college in 1909. He entered Harvard law school and graduated "cum laude." He was a member of the Sigma Phi fraternity, Gargoyles society and the Phi Beta Kappa at Williams. For the last year he has been working in the office of District Attorney Whitman of New York. During the summer he was admitted to the bar of New York state.

Mr. Sayre's mother is Mrs. Martha Finlay Sayre, daughter of the late William Nevins, who was president of Franklin and Marshall college at Lancaster, Pa. She is a descendant of Hugh Williamson of North Carolina, one of the framers of the Constitution of the United States, and is a sister of the late Robert Nevins, head of the American church at Rome, and a cousin of Ethelbert Nevins, the composer.

Other White Weddings. The wedding of Jessie Wilson and Francis Sayre was the thirteenth to be solemnized in the White House. The first was that of Anna Todd, a niece of Jolly Madison's first husband, and John E. Jackson, then Mrs. Madison's son, Lucy, was married to Judge Todd of Kentucky. The third wedding, that of Maria Monroe, daughter of President Monroe, to Samuel Lawrence Gouverneur in 1820 marked the first social use of the word "wedding." Eight years later John, the second son of President John Quincy Adams, married his cousin, Mary Helen, in the blue room. While General Jackson was president there were three weddings in the White House, those of Della Lewis to Alphonse Joseph Yver, Paquet of the French legation; Mary Eaton to Lucien B. Polk, and Emily Martin to Louis Randolph. Many years before there was another marriage ceremony in the present form was the one which united Alice Roosevelt and Nicholas Longworth.

When Mending Umbrellas. "Take a small piece of buck skinning plaster and soak it until it is quite soft; place it carefully under the hole inside and let it dry. This is better than darning, as it closes the hole nearer without stitching."

Women as a Power. "If ever the time comes when women shall come together simply and purely for the benefit of mankind, it will be a power such as the world has never dreamed of."—Matthew Arnold.

Benefit of Imperative Work. "Thank God every morning when you get up you have something to do that must be done, whether you like it or not. Being forced to do your best will breed in you a hundred virtues which are idle never know."—Charles Kingsley.

His Future Ordained. The boy who catches more fish with a bent pin than a man catches with an expensive outfit grows up to be the man who tells the best fish stories, whether he catches any or not.

Bats to Eradicate Mosquitoes. Recent investigations indicate that the greatest cause of the pest of the house consists of mosquitoes, and advantage is being taken of this fact in ridding communities in Texas and other southern states of the mosquito pest.

When Pollinating Flowers. When pollinating flowers, make a thick poultice of felt or velvet and fasten it over an old woman's coat and hairless broom. This makes an excellent pollinator and saves the trouble of kneeling on the floor.

Faithful Boston Dog. Missing his mistress when she came out a Boston dog waited 48 hours at a church door for her appearance, and could only be induced to leave when she came after him.

The Basement Philosopher

By KENNETH HARRIS

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"No, Nels, my friend," said the janitor to his sorrowful Scandinavian assistant. "No, Nels, I would not make a complaint to the police." He shook his head slowly and solemnly. "No, I would not," he repeated. "Not that I grudge the police any harmless amusement; they've a hard life of it, them boys, with their investigations, committees, grand juries and the like. There ain't none too many rays of sunshine on their paths. But I'm considering it from your standpoint and as a matter of principle. First of all, what good is it going to do you?"

"Now, as I understand it, the guy that sold you the ring was a medium sized guy with a sandy mustache. If you look close and careful at me, you'll see that I'm medium sized and while I wouldn't want no one to call my mustache 'sandy' to my face, I ain't got no doubt but what 'sandy' is the word a stranger would use describing of it. And I ain't the only one. There's a medium sized, sandy mustached guy on the police force, even. If they was to throw out the drag and bring in all the sandy runs in Chicago, business would be at a standstill and the cars would stop running. You wouldn't want that, would you? Sure you wouldn't."

"In the next place, Nels," continued the janitor, "this here guy didn't give you no written guarantee that it was a genuine six-carat diamond that he sold you for two-seventy-five. He may have given you the impression that he was, but impressions don't cut no was, when he picked it up off the

may lose money that way, but I'll bet I've saved lots of it too. Still, if I did happen to buy a gold brick that some sandy mustached guy had swiped from the sub-treasury, and found out afterwards that it wasn't what it had been cracked up to be, I wouldn't make no complaint to the government. "No, don't you never holler. Some of these days you may buy an orange grove in Florida or some of the appointed with it, but you'll stand a better chance of trading it off for west side unimproved if you haven't been too noisy about it to your circle of acquaintances. Ever know a successful politician to squeal when he was thrown down? Not on your life. He lets bygones be bygones and keeps his little nickers as sharp up for future use. You may not go into politics, but it's a cinch you'll get married, and there's another game where you're liable to get the worst of it. I guess most every married man thinks he has at times, and the women are dead sure of it. But why bellyache? Here I've been married now close on to twenty years and—

"No, Nels, my friend, it doesn't do no good to holler. Every holler is a knock—and it isn't the other fellow you're knocking, though you may think it is. "And if you'd had a five dollar bill change you'd have been two and a in your yard instead of the small quarter worse off than what you are. Think of that and be happy."

For Abandoned Children. Hungary maintains 17 institutions of indigent, abandoned, delinquent and abused children. It is the custom to receive every child applicant, to give him a bath and clean clothes and then to investigate his condition. If the investigation warrants the state's interference the child is admitted. Seventeen thousand children were received in 1908. Most of these are placed out in the country or smaller cities with farmers or artisans of good character and in moderate circumstances. Five reformatories have been established for delinquent or absolutely unruly children. They have room for a thousand inmates, who live together in family groups of 25, learning a trade under the supervision of the head of the household. Corporal punishment is still administered. Up to 200 inmates have been released on parole, 86.6 per cent, had worked steadily and had kept straight, 5.4 per cent had committed crimes, and 8 per cent had disappeared.—The Survey.



"TAKE IT FROM ME, NELS, THE FELLOW THAT'S ALWAYS LOOKING FOR SYMPATHY, NEVER GETS IT."

free. He might have thought it was genuine himself and been mistaken, the same as you was. Anybody's liable to make a mistake. What you ought to have done was to have took it to a good jeweler and had it certified before you paid out any money on it. You was careless, that's all there is about it.

"The other reason why I wouldn't advise you to set the machinery of the law in motion about this here business, is the principle I was telling you about. You take this for your motto: 'Never make a holler—not under no circumstances. If you get caught, hide the swelling the best you can and keep your mouth shut until you get off some place by yourself where nobody ain't a-going to hear you. Then if you want to relieve yourself by a few oaths, go ahead and make 'em and get it off your chest. Anybody's liable to be a sucker some time; nobody can't be wise to all the plants there is; but, believe me, the biggest boob in the bunch is the yaller fellow who wants every body to know how shameful he's been imposed on."

"You take it from me, Nels, my friend: the fellow that's looking for sympathy all the time never gets it. What he gets is the baby eye or the merry hah, but sympathy—nix. Not if he puts up a holler. If any son-of-a-gun gets the best of me in a deal, I make up my mind I'm just as much to blame for it as he is. All I've got to do is to say, 'I don't care.' If I throw a rope on his goat any time without advertising myself as an easy mark, I'll do it. If I can't, I'll charge it up to experience."

"You see, I'm a man that likes to have the good opinion of my friends," declared the janitor. "I've got the reputation of being a pretty fussy proposition, at least that's what my friends tell me, and I'll stand for a pretty hard poke of the gab before I'll contradict 'em. If there's any rumors to the contrary floating around, they don't come from me. If I pick a winner any time, I ain't going to make no dark secret of it, but if I drop a week's wages on a bum tip, I wouldn't even tell my wife. This here world is full of brace games, Nels, my friend; and we all go against 'em more or less, the wise boys and the sap-heads both; but there ain't no evidence against the wise ones. If you don't write no indignant letters to the papers, you'll see 'em come out of the side show with a happy, satisfied smile on their faces, and they don't go back to tell the ticket seller that he's short-changed 'em."

"Most of the trouble we have in the way of getting skinned is when we try to get something for nothing without understanding the game. I've watched things pretty close for a man that's got his work to look after, but I never seen a guy make his living by giving away valuable property. Most generally if a fellow's got something good to sell he wants someone near what it's worth. If I found a rarest diamond ring I wouldn't sell it to no squarehead for two-seventy-five when I could hock it most anywhere for ten dollars. Same way if I owned a gold mine that the finest experts claimed would produce a million a day—I wouldn't peddle the stock at five cents a share to get money to develop it and keep it out of the hands of the combine. I'd develop it with my finger-nails first. I don't want my hangers-on. I'm leary of 'em when they get over a certain size. I

increase of Lunacy. A famous British physician, Dr. Forbes Winslow, collected figures that in all civilized countries lunacy was largely on the increase. In 1859 there was one lunatic in every 536 of the population. Today there is one in every 275. In France 60 years ago there was one insane person in every 750 of the population. Today there is one in every 300."

This increase he attributed to alcohol, social competition and strain, heredity, and injudicious marriages, adding that if the present rate of the growth of lunacy continued we should have more insane than sane in the world 300 years hence.

Just Properly Cool. The late Henry M. Flagler, the Standard Oil millionaire, married three, his third marriage taking place when he was seventy-one years old. His wife's purpose was to change his views of marriage interest and importance.

"I don't believe in these marriages of passionate love," the millionaire once said at a dinner at "Whitehall," his superb residence in Palm Beach. "Passionate love doesn't endure. Therefore it's a poor foundation to try to build a happy, lifelong marriage on."

"But, Mr. Flagler," interposed a beautiful woman, "surely you wouldn't banish love from marriage?" "No," replied the millionaire. "No, I wouldn't banish a sensible, calm type of love."

Then, with a laugh, he added: "A successful marriage refrigerates love—refrigerates it just enough to make it keep."

A woman is never satisfied unless she has her own way, and even then she isn't satisfied unless she can begin all over again.

By return of post came a letter asking knowledge receipt of the money and thanking her for her kindness, but explaining that the cat which had been the cause of all the woe was even more "dumb than she imagined—it fact, it was the little boy's wooden tip cat!"

Domestic Tyrant. "What's the conclave at your house about?" "We are discussing the advisability of impeaching the cook."—Pittsburgh Post.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By E. O. BELLERS, Director of Evening Department, The Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.

LESSON FOR NOVEMBER 30

CROSSING THE JORDAN.

LESSON TEXT—Joshua 2:1-7. GOLDEN TEXT—"Fear thou not the Lord with thee."—Isa. 41:10.

The spies sent out by Joshua (ch. 2) were animated by quite a different motive than that which governed those who first visited Canaan, and they brought back a much different report (Num. ch. 13). The story of their experience in Jericho with Rahab, their escape from her house, and the incident of the spies' adventure will prove an interesting introduction for today's lesson. There are two suggestions in the preparation for the crossing of the Jordan mentioned in the first seven verses of this chapter: (1) It was to be a secret advance (v. 1); (2) no disorderly crowding about those who led. This was also to be a sure path, though they had not passed that way before, for God was leading. (3) It was to be a prayerful advance (v. 5). Joshua had been warned to expect great things for God and—

Jesus Must Lead. I. The Leader, vv. 7, 8. The circumstances surrounding the episode are far different from those at the crossing of the Red sea. Moses' encounter with Pharaoh had stamped him as the one who should save the nation. True, in the battles and in his actions with the people of Israel, he occupied a position of leadership, but now he is to deliver Israel from the death of the wilderness into the life and possessions of Canaan, hence the words, "I will magnify thee in the sight of the Israelites." It is noticeable, however, that Joshua did not lead this forward march, but rather the priests. The ark which they bore is a type of Christ and he must always lead. Jehovah magnified Joshua because Joshua had magnified Jehovah, see I. Sam. 2:30, John 17:4, 5.

II. Those Led, vv. 9-13. Joshua at once communicates Jehovah's order for a forward march to the people (I. Thess. 2:13). But God graciously accompanies his word by a visible manifestation of his presence (v. 10, 11). Cf. I. John 1:1, Col. 2:9. It was the word and presence of the "living God" (v. 10) that was to work this miracle, any human accomplishment, no possession of the land in accordance with his own sure promise.

This lesson is a great lesson of types. God, through the leading of his priests bearing the ark (a type of Christ), leads man from the bondage of his wilderness experience, through death (the Jordan), into newness of life (Canaan), Rom. 6:4, 9. Previously the mention of the names of these enemies (v. 10) had so frightened the spies that they had turned aside in panic, but Israel had been learning in the bitter school of discipline and failure. "The Lord of all the earth" (v. 11) is to lead, why then fear? There are, however, to be until their feet were in the waters. There was no such test at the Red sea, for they did not then have sufficient faith. I. Cor. 10:13, I. Peter 1:7.

Israel's One Way. III. The Dry Ground, vv. 14-17. Up until the moment they stepped into the water, the priests and people alike relied upon the bare word of Jehovah. I. Sam. 15:22. We, too, will surely find a way of escape if we yield him implicit obedience. Isa. 48:17. Cor. 10:13. As it is to heighten this miracle we need to remember it was the season of flood tide (v. 15). The river Jordan is a great type of the judgment passed upon sin. Verse sixteen tells us that the waters were backed up beyond the city of Adam. Our Joshua delivers not only from sin but his deliverance is also sufficient for the whole human race, Heb. 9:28, I. John 1:7. Our deliverance is complete, and the waters of the Jordan would not, however, have opened had those bearing the ark paused upon the bank. The people could not have been delivered except as the ark remained in the river bed. Jesus' baptism in the Jordan was a type of our baptism. Rom. 6:3, 4. He alone has opened a pathway for our deliverance. There was no other way whereby Israel could be delivered and further, "I will deliver you," "I will against Jericho" (v. 16) vs., before their next big task, and "all the nation were passed clean over Jordan" (v. 17), John 17:13.

Revelation of the river tribe (ch. 4) carried from the each twelve stones for the building of an altar so that the history of that deliverance might be perpetuated.

IV. The Lesson. In this lesson we are brought into company with Israel, into the land at last. Abraham saw and believed. Jacob and his sons left it when threatened with moral contamination and physical death. Much has happened since that time, but God's purpose has never changed. Nor has Jehovah ever been defeated. Israel is delivered because, in the language of Ps. 114:3, "Judah became his sanctuary, Israel his dominion." Note how Ps. 114:3 united forty years of history. "I will save it and feed; Jordan was driven back." This is the history of God-possessed people. Judah, the tribe from which Messiah is to spring, is his sanctuary and this is the nation through whom he will accomplish his larger purposes in the world.

Again the golden text emphasizes responsibility. "Be strong and of a good courage." It epitomizes the privileges which create responsibility. "Fear thou not, for I am with thee." When Jehovah is with a people they are strong and of a good courage. They are persistently strong and of good courage because Jehovah is with them; the two are mutually dependent.

Humblest Life May Be the Noblest. How noble the lowest life may become, like some poor, rough sea-shell with a garbled and dimly colored exterior, tossed about in the surge of a stormy sea, or anchored to a rock, but when opened all iridescent with rainbow sheen within, and bearing a pearl of great price! So, to outward seeming, my life may be rough and solitary, it may have come to Mount Zion, the city of the living God, and have angels for its guardians, and all the first-born for its brethren and companions.—Alex. MacLaren.